# The Land of Broken Promises

A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

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"The Fighting Fool"
"Hidden Waters"
"The Texican," Etc. Ilustrations by Don J. Lavin

pany at the Fortuna hotel bar, Phil

bought five dollars' worth of drinks

threw down a five-dollar bill, and got

The proprietor, a large and jovial

boniface, pulled off his fiscal miracle

then, having invited them to partake

"Oh, down below a ways," answered

De Lancey, who always constituted

himself the board of strategy. "Just

rambling around a little-how's the

cold weather much-they, would freeze

you know, if it was not for that zarape

He made a motion as of a native

his neck and smiled, and De Lancey

quick advantage of his guess, "but

from the way you pronounce that word

'zarape' I take it that you speak Span-

"No one better," replied the host

the city of Burgos, where they speak

the true Castilian. It is a different

language, believe me, from this bas-

tard Mexican tongue. And do you

speak Spanish also?" he inquired,

"No indeed!" protested De Lancey in

a very creditable imitation; "nothing

but a little Mexican, to get along with

the natives. My friend and I are min-

ing men, passing through the country,

"Which Way Are You Boys Travel-

ing?"

"None better!" cried the Spanlard,

stop with us. The country down be-

low is a little dangerous-not now,

"But in Fortuna-no! Here we are

by Americans; and because so many

have left the country the Mexicans

"Then again, if you develop a mine

-and if you wish to work it, that is

easy, too. I am only the proprietor of

the hotel, but if you can use my poor

They passed up the winding stairs

and down a long corridor, at the end

into a room, throwing open the outer

doors and shutters to let them see the

"Here is a little balcony," he said,

and look down on the plaza. We have

the band and music when the weather

is fine, and you can watch the pretty

girls from here. But you have been in

Mexico-you know all that!" And he

"Bien, my frien', I am glad to meet

come and De Lancey gave his in re-

Juan de Dios Brackamonte y Escalon;

but with these Americans that does

not go, as you say, so in general they

name-I do not know-that makes the

college boys laugh. Perhaps it is that

he knew nothing of our language, for he rhymes Don Juan with 'new one' and

"There is something about that

about us Spaniards, but certainly

ue ono!' Still, I read part of that em and it is, in places, very interest-

He held out his hand in wel-

"My name," he continued, "is

view from the window.

gave Phil a roguish dig.

you-"

weather comes on.

falling back into the staccato of Cas

which they wind about them so!"

trayed a Spanish tongue.

"Oh, quiet, quiet!" assured their

"These Mexicans don't like the

back five dollars-Mex.

with an ingenuous smile:

traveling, if I may ask?"

ountry around here now?"

host.

ish.

Bud Hooker and Phil De Lancey are forced, owing to a revolution in Mexico. to give up their mining claim and return to the United States. In the border town of Gadaden Bud meets Henry Kruger, a wealthy miner, who makes him a proposition to return to Mexico to acquire title to a very rich mine which Kruger had blown up when he found he had been cheated out of the title by one Aragon. The Mexican had spent a large sum in an unsuccessful attempt to relocate the wein and then had allowed the land to revert for taxes. Hooker and De Lancey start for the mine.

#### CHAPTER V.

The journey to Fortuna is a scant fifty miles by measure, but within these eight kilometers there is a lapse of centuries in standards. As Bud and De Lancey rode out of battle-scarred Agua Negra they traveled a good road, well worn by the Mexican wood-wagons that hauled in mesquit from the hills. Then, as they left the town and the wood roads scattered, the highway changed by degrees to a broad trail, dug deep by the feet of pack-animals and marked but lightly with wheels. It followed along the railroad, cutting over hills and down through gulches, and by evening they were in the heart -of Old Mexico.

Here were men in sandais and wom en barefoot; chickens tied up by the legs outside of brush jacales; longnosed hogs, grunting flercely as they skirmished for food; and half-naked children, staring like startled rabbits

at the strangers. The smell of garlic and fresh-roast ing coffee was in the air as they drew into town for the night, and their room was an adobe chamber with tile floor and iron bars across the windows. Riding south the next day they met vaqueros, mounted on wiry mustangs, who saluted them gravely, taking no shame for their primitive wooden saddle-trees and pommels as broad as soup-plates.

As they left the broad plain and clambered up over the back of a mountain they passed Indian houses, brushbuilt and thatched with long, coarse grasses, and by the fires the women ground corn on stone metates as their ancestors had done before the fall. For in Mexico there are two peoples the Spaniards and the natives, and the Indians still remember the days when they were free.

It was through such a land that Phil and Hooker rode on their gallant ponies, leading a pack-animal well loaded with supplies from the north, and as the people gazed from their miserable hovels and saw their outfit they wondered at their wealth.

But if they were moved to envy, the bulk of a heavy pistol, showing through the swell of each coat, discouraged them from going farther; and the cold. searching look of the tall cowboy as he ambled past stayed in their memory long after the pleasant "Adios!" of De Lancey had been forgotten,

Americans were scarce in those days, and what few came by were riding to the north. How bold, then, must this big man be who rode in frontand certainly he had some great reward before him to risk such a horse among the revoltosos! So reasoned the simple-minded natives of the mountains, gazing in admiration at Copper Bottom, and for that look in their eyes Bud returned his forbidding stare.

There is something about a good horse that fascinates the average Mexican-perhaps because they breed the finest themselves and are in a position to judge-but Hooker had developed a romantic attachment for his trim little and we speak the best we can. How chestnut mount and he resented their is this district here for work along our wide-eyed gapings as a lover resents line?" glances at his lady. This, and a frontier education, rendered him short-spoken shaking his finger emphatically. "It and gruff with the paisanos and it was is of the best, and, believe me, my left to the cavaller De Lancey to do friend, we should be glad to have you the courtesies of the road.

As the second day wore on they dipped down into a rocky canyon, with perhaps, but later, when the warm hope cliffs of red and yellow sandstone glowing in the slanting sun, and soon they broke out into a narrow valley, on the railroad; the camp is controlled well wooded with sycamores and mesquits and giant hackberry trees. The shrill toots of a dummy engine | will sell their prospects cheap.

came suddenly from down below and a mantle of black smoke rose majes- near by, it will be very easy to sell it sically against the sky-then, at a turn of the trail, they topped the last hill and Fortuna lay before them.

In that one moment they were set services in any way I shall be very back again fifty miles-clear back happy to please you. A room? One across the line-for Fortuna was of the best! And if you stay a week American, from the power-house on or more I will give you the lowest the creek bank to the mammoth con- rate." centrator on the hill.

All the buildings were of stone, square and uniform. First a central of which the proprietor showed them plaza, flanked with offices and warehouses; then behind them barracks and lodging houses and trim cottages in orderly rows; and over across the canyon loomed the huge bulk of the mill stepping outside, "where you can sit and the concentrator with its aerial tramway and endless row of gliding

buckets. Only on the lower hills, where the Yough country rock cropped up and mature was at its worst, only there did the real Mexico creep in and assert it-self in a crude huddle of half-Indian muts; the dwellings of the care-free na-

Well, by Jove!" exclaimed De Lan bey, surveying the scene with an ap-praising eye, "this doesn't look very much like Mexico-or a revolution,

"No, it don't," admitted Bud; "every-thing running full blast, too. Look at that ore train coming around the poet, Byron, who wrote so scandalous

here's some class to this—what? congenial spirite here to help us ad our money. Talk about a com-r town! I'll bet you their barroom ill of Americans. There's the cor-down below let's vide by and a our horses and see what's the e of drinks. They can't feese me, tever it is—we doubled our money ing his dark eyes and smiling rakishly.

"not moch-only the most in-teresting He saluted and disappeared in a roar of laughter, and De Lancey turned triumphantly on his companion, a self-

satisfied smile upon his lips. "Aha!" he said; "you see? That's what five dollars' worth of booze will do in opening up the way. Here's our old friend Don Juan willing, nay, anxlous, to help us all he can-he sees I'm a live wire and wants to keep me around. Pretty soon we'll get him Financially considered, they had feeling good and he'll tell us all he done just that-for, for every Ameri knows. Don't you never try to make can dollar in their pockets they could me sign the pledge again, brotherget two that were just as good, exfew shots just gets my intellect cept for the picture on the side. This to working right and I'm crafty as in itself was a great inducement for a a fox. ready spender and, finding good com

"Did you notice that coup I made asking him if he was a Spaniard? There's nothing in the world makes a Spaniard so mad as to take him for a Mexican-on the other hand, nothing makes him your friend for life like recognizing him for a blue-blooded with the greatest good humor and Castilian. Now maybe our old friend Don Juan has got a few drops of Moor of a very exquisite mixture of his own ish blood in his veins-to put it poinvention, propped himself upon his litely, but-" he raised his tenor voice elbows across the bar and inquired and improvised-

"Jest because my hair is curly "Well, which way are you boys Dat's no reason to call me 'shine!'

"No," agreed Bud, feeling cautiously of the walls, "and jest because you're happy is no reason for singing so loud, neither. These here partitions are made of inch boards, covered with paper-do you get that? Well, then, considering who's probably listening, it strikes me that Mr. Brachamonte is the real thing in Spanish gentleman; and I've heard that all genuwine Span jards have their bair curly, jest like

wrapping his entire wardrobe about But De Lancey, made suddenly ware of his indiscretion, was making knew that he was no Mexican. And yet that soft "which away" of his beall kinds of exaggerated signs for sience, and Bud stopped with a slow, good-natured smile. "Ah, excuse me," he said, taking

"S-s-st!" hissed De Lancey, touching his finger to his lips; "don't say itmebody might hear you!"

"All right," agreed Bud; "and don't ou say it, either. I hate to knock, Phil," he added, "but sometimes I his experience with the aristocratic smiling pleasantly at being taken at think the old man was right when he Don Cipriano Aragon y Tres Palacios, his true worth, "since I was born in said you talk too much.'

"Psst!" chided De Lancey, shaking his finger like a Mexican. Tiptoeing softly over to Bud, he whispered in his ear: "S-s-st, I can hear the feller in the next room—shaving himself!" Laughing hearfly at this joke, they

CHAPTER VI.

ent down stairs for supper.

If the Eagle Tail mine had been lo cated in Arizona-or even farther down in Old Mexico-the method of jumping the claim would have been delightfully simple.

The title had lapsed, and the land had reverted to the government-all it needed in Arizona was a new set of monuments, a location notice at the discovery shaft, a pick and shovel thrown into the hole, and a few legal formalities.

But in Mexico it is different. No that the legal formalities are lacking -far from it-but the whole theory of mines and mining is different. In Mexco a mining title is, in a way, a lease, concession from the general gov ernment giving the concessionnaire the right to work a certain piece of

But no final papers or patents are ever issued, the possession of the surface of the ground does not go with the right to mine benath it, and in cer- and gain possession of the mine. tain parts of Mexico no foreigner can hold title to either mines or land.

A prohibited or frontier zone, eighty kilometers in width, lies along the international boundary line, and in that neutral zone no foreigner can denounce a mining claim and no foreign corporation can acquire a title to one. The Eagle Tail was just inside the

But-there is always a "but" when you go to a good lawyer-while for purposes of war and national safety foreigners are not allowed to hold land along the line, they are at perfect liberty to hold stock in Mexican corporations owning property within the prohibited zone; and-here is where the graft comes in-they may even hold title in their own name if they first obtain express permission from the chief executive of the republic. Not having any drag with the chief

SURE TO GET MIXED, ANYWAY Hotelkeeper's Reasoning Settled Al Argument About Clean Plate

The drummer from New York was making his first trip through Maine and had traveled up into the Aroostook region, where the towns are small and far apart and the chief products potatoes and Christmas trees.

Here he stopped over night in a bamlet that possessed merely a very primitive inn. At dinner there was no soup, but he was served with fish. Then instead of his plate being changed the waitress came with a sake of gain. platter of meat and placed a generous helping carefully on one side of the fish bones. The drummer did not balk at that, for he was very hungry and ready to pass over almost anything times. Why, from the talk at the thefor the sake of a good meal, and he though it might be the regular Maine

in another platter full of pieces of pie and one of these she slid off on the same plate. Then the traveler the it time to call a halt, for he had not yet become used to ple with fish yes, very interesting—but 'Don flavor.
The

Juan de Dios! But certainly a man so executive, and not caring to risk their him it was a Mexican town. Maybe devoutly named could never descend title to the whims of succeeding administrations, Hooker and De Lancey, "Ah, no," protested Don Juan, roll-Gadsden, had organized themselves into the Eagle Tail Mining company, under the laws of the republic of Mexico, with headquarters at Agua Negra. It was their plan to get some Mexican to locate the mine for them and then, for a consideration, transfer it to the

> The one weak spot in this scheme was the Mexican. By trusting Aragon, Honry Kruger had not only lost title to his mine, but he had been outlawed from the republic. And now he had



Feeling Cautiously of the Walls.

bestowed upon Hooker and De Lancey the task of finding an honest Mexican, and keeping him honest until he made the transfer.

While the papers were being made out there might be a great many temptations placed before that Mexican-either to keep the property for himself or to hold out for a bigger re ward than had been specified. After Kruger was in favor of taking a chance on the lower classes. He had therefore recommended to them one Cruz Mendez, a wood vender whom he had known and befriended, as the man to play the part,

Cruz Mendez, according to Kruger, was hard-working, sober and honestfor a Mexican. He was also simpleminded and easy to handle, and was that the Eagle Tall had at last been abandoned. And also he was easy to pick out, being a little, one-eyed man and going by the name of "El Tuerto."

several days, listening to the gossip of Don Juan de Dios and watching for one-eyed men with prospects to sell. muleloads of gold. In Sonora he is a poor and unimaglars Mex.

It was only a matter of time, they ground and to hold it as long as he thought, until Cruz Mendez would hunt On the lower side was the ample pays a mining tax of three dollars an them up and try to sell them the Eagle store and cantina of Don Cipriano, Tail; and it was their intention re- where the thirsty arrieros could get a luctantly to close the bargain with drink and buy a panoche of sugar him, for a specified sum, and then stake him to the denouncement fees mounts. Behind the store were the

way of jumping Senor Aragon y Tres Palacios' abandoned claim. If they ward it would pass for a case of fool's rest of the time, they waited until patience seemed no longer a virtue.

up the probe at last, "I had a Mexican working for me when we were over in spoiled by an education—and he was always talking about 'La Fortuna.' I guess this was the place he meant, but it doesn't look like it-according to

Yorker with a look of scorn and de

for the Drummer.

Presently, however, the girl brought como used to ple with fish

The serving mald was a bit uncer-He threw up his hand in despair and tain whether he could have the clean De Lancey broke into a joilying laugh.
"Well, Don Juan," he cried, "I'm glad to meet you. My name is Philip De Lancey and my pardner here is Mr. Hooker. Shake hands with him, Don tinished he withered that modest New

manded

"What do you want of all them different plates, anyway? Have you got partitions on your insides?" And the drummer, realizing that the hotel was charging him only \$2.50 a

day, which had been exacted in advance, meekly subsided and ate his The White Slavers,

The late George W. Vanderbilt was a scholar and, like most scholars, he had little sympathy with the hypocritical "white slave" movement that publishers and impresarios and film firms have been fostering for the Mr. Vanderbilt, after one of his rare

visits to the theater, said to a Washington reporter: "These are queer times, reactionary ater last night I really believe the public wants the managers to stop being white slave missionaries and so-

cial svil reformers and to go back to simply play producing." Thomas Carlyle and his wife were so wedding-frightened that it is and so wedding-frightened that it is end to think of it. Replying to a letter of his describing his fantastic terrors, she wrote: "For heaven's sake get into a more benignant humer, or the incident will not only wear a very original aspect, but likewise a very heart-breaking one, I see not how I am to go through with it."

seeding ad- he's around here now-his name Mendez. "Jose Maria Mendes!" inquired Don Juan, who was a living directory of the place, "Ricardo? Pancho? Cruz?"

"Crus!" cried De Lancey: "that was miles," said Don Juan; "down at Old

"Old Fortuna!" repeated Phil. "I didn't know there was such a place." "Why, my gracious!" exclaimed Don Juan de Dios, scandalized by such ignorance. "Do you mean to say you have been here three days and never heard about Fortuna Vieja? Why, this isn't Fortuna! This is an American mining camp-the old town is down below.

"That's where this man Aragon, the big Mexican of the country, has his ranch and store. Spanish? Him? No, indeed-mitad! He is half Spanish and half Yaqui Indian, but his wife is a pure Spaniard-one of the few in the country. Her father was from Madrid and she is a Villanueva-a very beautiful woman in her day, with golden hair and the presence of a queen!

"No, not Irish! My goodness, you Americans think that everybody with red hair is Irish! Why, the most beau-tiful women in Madrid have chestnut hair as soft as the fur of a dormouse. It is the old Castilian hair, and they are proud of it. The Senora Aragon married beneath her station-it was in the City of Mexico, and she did not know that he was an Indian-but she is a very nice lady for all that and never omits to bow to me when she comes up to take the train. I remember one time-

"Does Cruz Mendez work for him?" interjected De Lancey desperately.

"No, indeed!" answered Don Juan patiently; "he packs in wood from the hills-but as I was saying-" and from that he went on to tell of the unfailing courtesy of the Senora Aragon to a gentleman whom, whatever his present station might be, she recognized as a member of one of the oldest families in Castile.

De Lancey did not press his inquiries any further, but the next morning, instead of riding back into the hills, he and Bud turned their faces down the canyon to seek out the clusive Mendez. They had, of course, been acting a part for Don Juan, since Kruger had described Old Fortuna and the Senor Aragon with great minuteness.

And now, in the guise of innocent strangers, they rode on down the river, past the concentrator with its multiple tanks, its gliding tramway and mountains of tailings, through the village of Indian houses stuck like dugouts against the barren hill-then along a the particular man who had sent word river bed that cozed with slickings until they came in sight of the town.

La Fortuna was an old town, yet not as old as its name, since two Fortunas before it had been washed away by So, in pursuance of their policy of cloudbursts and replaced by newer playing a waiting game, Hooker and dwellings. The settlement itself was De Lancy hung around the hotel for some four hundred years old, dating back to the days of the Spanish conquistadores, when it yielded up many

The present town was built a little inative man indeed who has not at up from the river in the lee of a great east one lost mine or "prospecto" to ridge of rocks thrust down from the sell: and prosperous-looking strangers, hill and well calculated to turn aside riding through the country, are often a glut of waters. It was a comfortable beckoned aside by half-naked paisanos huddle of whitewashed adobe buildeager to show them the gold mines of lings set on both sides of a narrow and the Spanish padres for a hundred dol- irregular road—the great trail that led down to the hot country and was worn deep by the pack-trains of centuries.

pole corrals and adobe warehouses As this was a commonplace in the and the quarters of the peons, and district-no Mexican having capital across the road was the mescal still, enough to work a claim and no Ameri- where, in huge copper retort and can having the right to locate one-it worm, the fiery liquor was distilled was a very natural and inconspicuous from the sugar-laden heads of Yuccas. This was the town, but the most im-

portant building-set back in the discovered the lead immediately after- shade of mighty cottonwoods and pleasantly aloof from the road-was luck, or at least so they hoped, and, the residence of Senor Aragon. It was riding out a little each day and sitting this, in fact, which held the undivided on the hotel porch with Don Juan the attention of De Lancey as they rode quietly through the village, for he had become accustomed from a long "Don Juan," said De Lancey, taking experience in the tropics to look for something clusive, graceful and feminine in houses set back in a garden. the Sierras—one of your real, old-time workers that had never been good reason to avoid Don Cipriano. good reason to avoid Don Cipriano, they jogged steadily on their way.

"Some house!" observed Phil, with a last hopeful look over his shoulder. "Uh," assented Bud, as they came to a fork in the road. "Say," he continued, "let's turn off on this trail. Lot of burro tracks going out-expect it's our friend, Mr. Mendez."

"All right," said De Lancey abently: "wonder where old Aragon keeps that bee-utiful daughter of histhe one Don Joo-an was telling about Have to stop on the way back and sample the old man's mescal."

"Nothing doing!" countered Hooker instantly. "Now you heard what I told you-there's two things you leave alone for sixty days-booze and women. After we cinch our title you can get as gay as you please."

"Oo-ee!" piped Phil, "hear the boy talk!" But he said no more of wine and women, for he knew how they do complicate life.

They rode to the east now, follow ing the long, flat footprints of the burros, and by all the landmarks Bud saw that they were heading straight for the old Eagle Tail mine. At Old Fortuna the river turns west and at the same time four canyons came in from the east and south. Of these they had taken the first to the north and it was leading them past all the old workings that Kruger had spoken about. In fact, they were almost at the mine when Hooker swung down suddenly from his horse and motioned Phil to follow.

"There's some burros coming said, glancing back significantly; and when the pack-train came by, each animal piled high with broken wood, the two Americans were busily tapping away at a section of country rock. A man and a boy followed be-hind the animals, gazing with wonder at the strangers, and as Phil bade them a pleasant "Buenos dias!" they came to a halt and stared at their industry in silence. In the interval Phil was pleased to note that the old man had only one eye.



# Not Safe to Miss an Appointment With President

WASHINGTON.—If you have an appointment with the president at the White House and fail to keep it, you must have a mighty good excuse or may be considered guilty of lese majeste, or, what would be more serious

SELECTION

in this country, you may lose a good piece of federal patronage. Be there on the day, date and hour, is the rule, even though you may be kept waiting in the auteroom for a time. On a certain Wednesday Repre-

sentative Edward W. Townsend of New Jersey (Chimmie Fadden) and his colleague, Representative William E. Tuttle, Jr., called at the White House by appointment to recommend to the president a candidate for United States judge. They were cordially

eccived and the president listened attentively to their argument in favor of their candidate. But he frankly told them that this particular judgeship matter was closed, that he already had made a selection, although he spoke very highly of the man recommended by Townsend and Tuttle. "But, gentlemen," remarked the president, good naturedly, "are you not

a little late in keeping your appointment? According to my engagement book you were to be here on Tuesday, and I am not aware that you called then." It was up to Messrs. Townsend and Tuttle to explain, and they laid the

cards upon the table. There was no use trying to fib out of it, so they confessed. Townsend said he went to the station to take a late train for Washington from his home in Newark Monday night, and fell asleep, only to be awakened by the station agent just as the tail lights of his train were disappearing in the west. He had to wait for a day train next morning. Tuttle admitted that he had no excuse, except that the engagement had

slipped his mind, due to the fact that the Fourth of July had intervened and mixed him up on his dates. The president listened to their excuses with interest and showed no annoyance over them. He joked them about their forgetfulness and told them a story about a delegation which kept an appointment by arriving a year too soon, remarking that he didn't know whether it was better to arrive a year too soon or a day too late.

He sent his visitors away in a good humor, but Messrs. Townsend and Tuttle can't help wondering whether they would have found that judgeship matter closed up had they kept their appointment and called at the White House on the day originally set.

Wanted to Know About George Washington Glick

NEW statue has fust been placed in Statuary hall at the capitol, it being A a likeness in stone of George Washington Glick of Kansas. When the other occupants of the Hall of Fame had been jockeyed around to make

room for Mr. Glick and the latest addition had been rolled into position, the question asked by those who had noticed the newcomer was, "Who was Glick?" A Kansan could have answered the query off-hand, but so fleeting is fame that the average citizen falled to identify George Washington Glick. However, Senator Thompson of Kansas threw the desired light upon the situation when he introduced in the senate a resolution providing for fitting exercises appro-



riate to the reception and acceptance of the statue. He said: "Mr. President, there is being placed in Statuary hall today the statue of George Washington Glick. Under the law each state is entitled to place two statues of its distinguished men or women in that famous hall. About ten years ago Kansas selected from her citizens as one of the recipients of this onor John James Ingalls, who was formerly a celebrated member of this About one year ago Kansas chose another of her citizens, George Washington Glick, the only Democratic governor the state ever had until the present administration, to receive the same high honor.

"As everyone knows, Senator Ingalls was an uncompromising Republican. As is equally well known, Governor Glick was an uncompromising Democrat. ed and died in the same town. Atchison Kansas, and are buries in the same cemetery. It is, therefore, very fitting that the statues of these eminent sons of Kansas, representing, respectively, two branches of political thought and the two great political parties of the country, should stand side by side in the Hall of Fame.

"A prominent place immediately at the right of the entrance leading from Statuary hall to the house of representatives has been selected for the statue of Governor Glick. A place equally important has been selected for the statue of Senator Ingalls, immediately at the left of the same entrance."

## Check Signing Device Is a Great Labor Saver

WENTY miles of signature, half of the distance from here to Baltimore, is saved by J. S. Jones and William Adreon, two pension office clerks, every year because they sign checks by machinery.



About 820,000 checks, disbursing a total amount of \$180,000,000, pass un der the pens of these men during each year of pension office business. The money is, to all practical purposes, checked out over the signature of Guy O. Taylor, disbursing clerk of the bureau. Without the aid of machinery it would take ten years to finish the work. Every pension check that leaves the office bears the written signature of one of these clerks. The signatures of William Adreom

when measured straight from the tip of the first "W" to the tall of the final "n," varies from two and a quarter to two and three-quarters inches in

If he signs half of the \$20,200 checks, or 410,100 checks, he repeats his two-and-one-half-inch signature 410,100 times, which makes a total of 1,025. 250 inches of signature-without the machine. There are 73,360 inches in one mile. By a simple process of division, we find that, were it not for the machine, Mr. Adreon would have to write within a tiny fraction of 14 miles of signature each year. That would be impossible and, besides, dire diseases like writers' cramp would kill him or paralyze his arm in a month.

By the same method of figuring, J. S. Jones, whose signature averages one and a half inches, would have to sign his name eight and one-half miles. Writers' cramp would claim him, according to calculation, the second Wednes day after Adreon went down and out.

But by the aid of the signagraph, the name is written with a wooden stick and by the movement of his arm ten fountain pens sign ten checks

### Some of the Cabinet Members Are Speed Fiends

S ECRETARY OF THE TREASURY M'ADOO is an automobile enthusiast, and he is something of a speed fiend at that, though probably he would not admit it. He drives a gray roadster and when he gets out on the good

country roads he lets it out and wrecks all the speed regulations made and provided by the state of Maryland. Frequently his bride, who was Miss Eleanor Wilson, the president's daughter, accompanies him on these spins, and she apparently is not alarmed when Secretary McAdoo opens up the gas throttle. So far as known none of the law officers have yet captured the secretary of the treasury when



the secretary of the treasury when he is "burning up the road," but then getting "pinched" for speeding is not a serious matter for a cabinet officer. Generally the incident closes by the motorcycle cop apologising for interrupting the burst of speed and telling the cabinet member to go shead. Secretary of Labor Wilson (he used to be a coal miner and a labor leader in the old days) recently drove out into Maryland to make a speech and on his return trip his chauffeur sprinted and was arrested by a minion of the law. When the secretary's identity was learned, however, the officer told him to go along unmolested.